

Pane Pictures.

BY ROSE FERRY COOKE.

A wonder-worker all night long
Has wrought his task for me;
Now, by the cold and distant dawn,
His miracles I see;
His gravings on the window-pane,
Of magic tracery.

Here lifts an Alpine summit, steep
As is the heavenly stair,
A way-side cross below the path,
But not a pilgrim there;
No sad face of humanity,
No agony of prayer.

And here, before a lonely lae
A fringe of reeds and ferns;
Across the water's crystal chill
No dying sunsets burn
You hear not on that rushy shore
The call of drake or tern.

Here lies a crowd of broken boughs.
A windfall in the woods:
Some wild and wondrous hurricane
Hath wrecked these solitudes:
But on that tangled dreariness
No living step intrudes.

And here is Arctic waste and woe;
A glacier's mighty face,
Majestic in its awful march,
Slow seaward from its place.
Beneath that frown of solemn death
There lives no human trace.

But slowly from the joyful East
Ascends the dawning sun:
Before his look of light and life
The magic is undone:
The graceful pictures on the pane
All vanish, one by one.

Alas! must all the songs I sing,
The traceries of my brain—
The little stories and glad—
Be uttered all in vain?
And vanish when the Master comes,
Like pictures on the pane?

Or will they, in some kindly heart
Remembered, sing and shine,
For wrought from man's humanity
Not fleeting frost, are mine;
I love not to be quite forgot:
To die and leave no sign.

—Scribner for December.

A THANKSGIVING SKETCH.

BY MARY J. CAPRON.

Mr. John Applebee walked leisurely down the church-steps, handed his wife into the phaeton, tossed in his namesake—a small nephew from the city—settled himself comfortably in the spare corner, and, gathering up the reins, started his spirited bays in the direction of the Applebee homestead, upon whose time-worn hearthstone the Thanksgiving holocaust was still offered.

"Forty-two thankful people out of a congregation of some four hundred!" he remarked, as the bays subsided from their first furious onset against time and space into a square, determined trot. "Clearly a waste of fuel on the part of both sexton and minister. People evidently prefer the Jewish proclamation: 'Eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared.'"

"There is your opportunity," returned his wife, pointing to a solitary pedestrian, upon whom they were rapidly gaining. "Miss Burke must be going to her brother's, and has had no easy conveyance 'prepared.'"

"But our 'portion' is certainly pre-occupied."

"Oh! there's plenty of room. I can take Johnny in my lap and the seat is wide."

"It's bad getting out, the horses are so uneasy."

"What would you do if you had a note to collect?" And Mrs. Applebee quietly began her share of the arrangement.

This very practical way of looking at things was no new experience to Mr. Applebee, and, with a good-natured shrug of his shoulder, he brought the phaeton to a stand-still, just against the portionless female aforesaid, who floundered into its depths with cheerful alacrity. The gentleman followed, hitting the carriage-top with his hat and Miss Burke's bonnet with his elbow in his efforts to fasten himself permanently upon the small triangle of cushion left at his disposal.

"Ye-a-m, a v-e-o-ry nice day," gasped Miss Burke, in response to Mrs. Applebee's greeting, righting her bonnet with one hand and clutching at a small basket with the other.

"You were at church, I believe," continued Mrs. Applebee.

"Yes ma'am," said Miss Burke, sitting very erect.

"Rather a thin house," ventured Mr. Applebee, not to be outdone in efforts to put the newcomer at ease.

empty meeting-house, the only witnesses to a thankful and contented spirit, is more than I know."

Miss Burke paused for breath, and Mr. Applebee remarked, parenthetically:

"The ladies have their cares, I suppose."

"Perhaps it takes four women to turn and baste one turkey. There wasn't a soul with Squire Hayes but his brother-in-law. And Mrs. Lane, I suppose, left her husband to look after their three grown-up girls. Mr. and Mrs. Hull managed to get there about sermon-time, what with her two maids and a hired-man; and Miss Tuttle's aunt dropped in half an hour later. Of course, Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle couldn't both of them manage all the fix'n's. And there was that Carson pew. What would old Grandpa Carson have said? One forlorn man in it, and he none related. I studied much as half an hour who he could be, and I made out at last. He's been here before. It's the Deacon's wife's sister's son by her first husband. Only think of the Deacon's letting a stranger bring his tithes into the storehouse; and he looking over his accounts, most likely. I noticed the store shutters a little ways open. And I met Brother Tumset taking his family out in their new barouche. Dr. Carr, too. They were going to her mother's, over in Herrin-bone; but they might just as well gone to meeting first. The Pollocks were playing croquet; and the Burnhams, too. And there sat Mrs. Burnham at the window, as smiling as if nobody ever heard the proclamation read of a Sunday. They have company, I presume; but that don't alter duty, to my mind. No wonder Simon was walking round the new factories with half a dozen more thankless men. There wasn't one of the Warrens there. Nor the Swetts; and they must be at home, because the curtains were up, and I remembered—"

"I don't see what time you had to be thankful," remarked Master Johnny, *sub rosa*, but with sufficient emphasis to interrupt the speaker.

"Don't see what—who-hadn't?" she queried, trying to look past Mr. Applebee and upsetting her basket, out of which rolled a ball of gray yarn, the owner grasping a half-finished sock just in time to prevent its following suit.

Mr. Applebee checked the bays, and, dropping his small namesake gently to the ground, bade him follow up the thread of gray yarn to its source, which might or might not be a quarter of a mile behind.

Poor Johnny! it was slow work rolling in his prize, and he probably measured the delay by his appetite.

"I say!" he began, clambering in with a reckless disregard of fleshy obstacles. "Folks go to church to be thankful, the minister said; and I don't see when you put it in."

"We had a fine sermon. Very fortunate in our pastor. Don't you think so, Miss Burke?" interposed Mr. Applebee, touching the bays lightly with his whip, which obliged the lady to concentrate her attention on bonnet and basket.

"Y-e-s, very good. Rather long, though. You see Mrs. Noyes left her turkey in the oven—nothing ever keeps her at home; and she was so afraid Jeremiah would put on a lot of coal she just fidgeted the whole time."

"Then she wa'n't thankful, either," chimed in Johnny, Jr., sticking to his point with a steadiness sometimes lacking in orators more fully fledged.

"Don't forget to stop at the Widow Bent's," said Mrs. Applebee, suddenly, to John, Senior, who remarked: "Dear me, yes. That chicken-pie! I had quite forgotten the 'portion' under the seat."

A round-faced little woman came running to the door.

"I declare! If it don't beat all! The very thing I hankered after!" she exclaimed in a sunshiny tone. "I might have known, for there's the song and it says:

"It may not be my way,
It may not be thy way,
But yet in his own way
The Lord will provide."

You don't know, you can't guess," and a bright tear rolled out of the sunshiny eyes.

"I supposed you were sick, not seeing you at church," said Miss Burke, solemnly.

"Dear me suz! no. But I never was so thankful. I've had a letter from Tom, and he's coming to dinner. Only think, he hasn't stepped foot in the house since father died and left me the old place—John's being feeble, I suppose. Of course, we wasn't to blame; but Tom's quick and somehow—all the brother I've got, too. Why, I can't be thankful enough. I did hate to lose my meeting; but, you

see, Tom sent a turkey, and Miss Carr brought me some vegetables, and I've had to fly round ev'ry minute. And then, not knowing what time Tom might be along, I couldn't lock up, of course—"

"Tom never goes to church. I believe," interposed Miss Burke.

"No, Tom doesn't care much for such things"—a little cloud dropped over the smiling face; "but who knows what the Lord may do. He's been so good to me. I've been singing hymns all the morning; and now here's this pie. You see I hadn't skurried anything myself. There's been so little vest-making this fall, and I couldn't bear, you know, to have Tom think—"

"We musn't keep Mrs. Bent away from her oven. Something may burn," said Mrs. Applebee, pulling Johnny into position; which operation Miss Burke performed for her bonnet, and then broke out with: "I suppose she really feels thankful—"

"I'll bet you!" said Johnny, twisting around to get another glimpse.

"And her songs of praise were as much a thanksgiving as those in church—perhaps more," remarked Mrs. Applebee.

"I didn't enjoy the singing. It's so provoking not to have the organ open. Oh! Mr. Applebee, will you stop a moment? There's Molly Candish, and I owe her twenty-five cents. I shall enjoy my dinner so much better." And the bays pawed the ground while Miss Burke fumbled for the bit of scrip, the same being in her purse, the purse in her pocket, and the pocket under Mr. Applebee.

"You have a long walk to church," remarked the latter to Molly, by way of filling up the pause.

"Usually ride with the Swetts, don't you? And they don't observe Thanksgiving, it seems," snapped Miss Burke.

"Miss Swett's cookin' a turkey for the Brewsters. Miss Brewer's most gone with consumption, an' they wa'n't goin' to hev no Thanksgiving dinner. Six children, too! Poor little dears! Miss Swett heard of it, an' went right over. It's better'n preachin', the way she's settin' out that table. Mr. Swett hitched up to go to church, afore they knew what a-takin' Miss Brewer was in to hev Susy come home—that's the oldest girl. Works over to Millville, an' they thought they couldn't afford it. But Mr. Swett said he'd drive right over. There'd be empty cheers soon enough. So, says I to Betsy: The walk won't hurt me, an' it seems a little more respectful to the Lord to go up to his temple when we can. I got wondrous paid this morning. The hymns seemed on-common nice, so kind of close, too; an' somehow it's easier to be thankful right in the Lord's house. Thankee! now Betsy can hev her coffee."

"To do justly and love mercy!" You and Mrs. Swett are keeping a real Thanksgiving, Miss Burke," remarked Mrs. Applebee, as they drove on.

"Yes-in. I try to do my duty," rejoined Miss Burke, complacently.

"And I count the Lord's ordinances one. I think it's a shame that only forty people—"

"Two of them wa'n't thankful," muttered Johnny, who was hungrily swallowing every word.

"I'm afraid there were three, Johnny," said Mr. Applebee, trying to smooth over what it seemed impossible to smother. "I must confess I went mostly to hear Mr. Payne's political views. Its plain, Miss Burke, all the thanksgiving wa'n't inside the church walls; or all that was inside real giving of thanks."

"There are exceptions, of course. But, Mrs. Applebee, wasn't you distressed about the state of things, to-day?"

"I will confess to feeling considerable indignation, righteous or otherwise, till these words occurred to me: 'When ye will offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving unto the Lord, offer it at your own will.'"

"Not have a day appointed? Mrs. Applebee, you can't mean it!"

"By no means. But I am not to force people to observe it."

"I don't know. It grows worse and worse," groaned the other.

"Remember the 'seven thousand left in Israel' which had 'not bowed the knee to Baal.' I trust many times that number were to-day offering somewhere a 'willing sacrifice.'"

"If we knew—"

"Elijah didn't; but the Lord did."

"There's seven times more who don't think about the Lord at all."

"Well, the Lord knows that, too; and if I carry my offering to the temple only to condemn those who bring a different one or none at all, is there not danger of making my own sacrifice an abomination?"

"My wife was about making that remark when we picked you up, Miss

Burke," said Mr. Applebee, stopping at her brother's gate and jumping out with a readiness pleasant to behold.

"I hope she doesn't mean to sanction this neglect of public worship," returned Miss Burke, severely, resuming her basket and bonnet after the shock of lightning.

"Not at all," said Mrs. Applebee, smiling. "Only I can't see as we have any thing to do about it—yes, I am wrong. We are bits of the heaven which is yet to 'leave the whole lump,' and by making our bits the very best possible, my dear Miss Burke, we may help to fill some of those empty pews before another year comes round."—*The Independent.*

Gauging the Speed of Railroad Trains.

A Harrisburg paper states that the inventor of the automatic air-brake in use on the Pennsylvania and other railroads, which is Mr. Westinghouse, of Pittsburgh, has invented a new machine, which is a natural and valuable complement of the air-brake. It is a railway speed indicator, and a test of its efficiency has been very satisfactory. The apparatus ascertains and records the speed of a train at any given instant and by means of automatically constructed diagrams shows the fluctuations of the velocity caused by the applications of the brake. The speed indicator is constructed in two forms, one being intended for use on board a car and the other on a locomotive. The principal upon which the apparatus is constructed consists in controlling the escape of water under pressure by means of a small valve loaded by the action of centrifugal force, the arrangement being such that the higher the speed at which the apparatus is driven the greater will be the pressure exerted by certain revolving weights upon the escape valve, and the higher, therefore, the pressure maintained within the chamber with which this valve communicates, the chamber receiving a constant supply of water from the pumps. A pressure gauge affixed to the chamber containing the water affords information as to the speed at which the apparatus is driven. The instrument, though simple in principle, involves quite a complicated mechanism to make its registration reliable. These registrations are made upon a paper drum similar to that used at meteorological stations to record the velocity of the wind. The heights of the recorded lines on the diagram represent pressures on the accumulator of the speed indicator, and these pressures are proportioned to the squares of the speeds. The curves drawn on the paper drums afford full information with respect to the action and efficiency of the brake with which the train is fitted. They show how promptly the brakes were applied, and what resulting expense came from slackened speed. Heretofore no definite data have been found with regard to the efficiency of brakes, and erroneous statements have no doubt been made with regard to the value of the various patents from this circumstance.

Alcohol and Tobacco.

While the passion for alcohol burns more strongly in the savage than the civilized man, the fondness for tobacco seems to be equally shared by both. The tranquilizing effects of smoking are chiefly concentrated upon the musculomotor and the circulatory functions. It depresses, in fact, those qualities of the organism which are of least immediate importance to the student or the votary of any sedentary pursuit; and if by a vice we mean a habit which militates against the social usefulness of the individual, then smoking must be regarded as more of a vice in the savage than in the civilized man, in the hunter or warrior than in the poet or philosopher. The moderate use of tobacco is certainly less injurious than that of alcohol; unfortunately, excess in the former is less immediately productive of disagreeable or dangerous effects than excess in the latter. Hence the limits of moderation can not be so easily assigned. Dr. Parkes allows that smoking may occasionally be of use, though never really necessary, to the healthy adult. Dr. Richardson condemns it utterly.—*London Academy.*

CREAM CAKE.—2 scant cups sugar;

2 cup of butter; 1 cup milk, 4 eggs, 3 cups flour; 2 teaspoons baking-powder, mixed with part of the flour. This should be sufficient for four jelly-cake tins. The cream: 1 pint milk heated to boiling, then add 2 teaspoons corn-starch, wet in a little cold milk. Have ready 1 beaten egg and 1 cup of sugar; add these to the boiling milk, stirring till it thickens. When quite cool, flavor with vanilla and spread between the layers of cake.

Can Bees Hear?

Though the best observers deny to bees the possession of a sense of hearing, a writer in *Newman's Entomologist* relates an instance in which a hive of bees appear to have heard the summons of their queen. A swarm of bees had been gathered into a hive which was allowed to rest temporarily upon a table. On lifting the hive, in order to set it upon the hive-board, the portion of the table on which the hive had stood was found to be covered with bees, which soon began to run about from their having been suddenly disturbed. The hive was now placed on the hive-board, with the entrance toward the bees. For a little while they continued to run about, as if bewildered, but then was heard a peculiar vibrating and buzzing sound proceeding from the hive. In an instant all the bees faced about, and their heads toward the hive, and all marched into it in regular procession.

Comfort for Uneasy Stomachs.

That incomparable anti-scorpion cordial, cathartic and appetizer, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, yields comfort to the uneasy stomach with a degree of promptitude most gratifying to the victim of indigestion. The eradication of dyspepsia by the Bitters is, of course, accompanied by the disappearance of every one of its multifarious and puzzling symptoms, among which may be mentioned as the most prominent, heartburn, flatulence, abdominal oppression after eating, sinking at other times, palpitations of the heart, water brash, vertigo, sick headache and nausea. Hostetter's Bitters tone and regulate the various organs which assist in the processes of assimilation, secretion and evacuation, fortify the system against malarious fevers and develop in the enfeebled system fresh stores of vitality. In efficacy, as in popularity, they surpass any tonic or regulating medicine of the age.

CATARRH

Sneezing Catarrh, Chronic Catarrh, Ulcerative Catarrh, permanently cured by

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE FOR CATARRH is safe, certain, and permanent, and is the best remedy ever devised. It is purely a vegetable preparation, and is applied locally by the use of a special instrument, and is not absorbed into the system. It soothes, heals, and cures the most stubborn cases of every kind of Catarrh, whether of the nose, throat, or lungs, and is equally effective in the treatment of the bladder, liver, and kidneys, perfecting digestion, and restoring the blood, and thus the system as a whole. It is a great and good medicine, and worthy all commendation. Each package contains a Treatise on Catarrh and Dr. Sanford's Improved Healing Tube, and full directions for its use in all cases. SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE is sold by all wholesale and retail druggists throughout the United States. Price \$1. Depot, WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

EVERYBODY

CHEERFULLY RECOMMENDS

COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS.

THEY contain the grand curative element, Electro-magnetism, combined with the finest compound of medicinal gums ever united together. It therefore seems impossible for them to fail in affording prompt relief for all pains and aches.

"THE BEST PLASTER."

Writes, Wicks & Potter, Gentlemen.—Please send me a box of COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS. Send by return mail. I think they are the best Plaster I ever used. Please send money enclosed.

MILFORD, DEL., July 11, 1886. HASKELL LEWIS.

"AN EXCELLENT PLASTER."

Writes, Wicks & Potter, Gentlemen.—Please send me another box of COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTERS. I find them to be an excellent Plaster, the best that I have ever used. I am sorry that the druggist here do not keep them.

BROOKLYN, O., July 1886. F. M. SELLERS.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Price, 25 cents. Sent by mail, carefully wrapped, on receipt of 25 cents for one, \$1.00 for six, or \$2.00 for twelve, by WEEKS & POTTER, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

THE "FARM" COLUMN.

It costs but one cent to send your address by postal card to either advertiser in this column, with request for further information concerning the property advertised.

FARMS FOR SALE.

WHITE and Gravel Farm, Gravel, near Madison, Jackson Co., Ill. T. S. Westwood, Madison, Ill.

A variety of Improved Farms and every desirable kind of land in Jasper Co., Ind. A fine stock and dairy country. Price low, payments easy. Frank W. Johnson, a Broker at Law, Real Estate Broker, Indianapolis, Ind.

SPECIAL BARGAINS.—Improved Farm of forty acres, about two miles from city limits of Emporia, Kan. To be sold at a sacrifice for cash. As an investment at the price it cannot be surpassed.

One best stock and grain farm in Central Iowa, 600 acres, well all of an individual, for a practical farmer. Large chance. \$10,000. Improved Farm of 300 acres in Riley Co., Kansas, for \$100. Includes most secure money. Bottom land, on county road, school-house adjacent. 100 acres of choice land in Texas County, Missouri. 10-acre farm, with good house and good improvements generally, in Adams Co., Wis. One of the best only half price. Five Stock Farm, Guthrie Co., Iowa, 200 acres, for \$100. Address: P. H. HORTON & Co., Bureau for Sale of Farms, 142 La Salle street, Chicago, Ill.

1,000 ACRES IMPROVED FARM—on time.

Address: ROBERT WATSON, Peabody, Kansas. 1200 Acres, mostly Woodland, in Clark County, Ohio, Ill.

FARMS WANTED.

HAVE YOU A FARM TO SELL AT A BARGAIN? We have over two hundred buyers to select from. Write to us for circular and blanks. No charge. Send to J. H. HORTON & Co., 142 La Salle street, Chicago, Ill.